THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

IT is whispered—we will not vouch for the truth of the rumour—that a foreign element is likely to be introduced into the Cabinet. The following list of proposed changes and alterations must be taken with all reserve :—

Postmaster General	Signor Rattazzi
Ministers of Public Instruction	Count Von Bray / Herr Hasner
Singing	Herr Von Lutz
(Assisted by Mr. Whalley.)	
Refreshment	M. Buffet
Foreign Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	Count Taaffe

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket on Wednesday last, Sir Joseph Hawley's motion for a Committee was negatived by 16 to 9.

Ready in a few days:—"The Wifeless Husband." By a Neglected Thought.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, on Wednesday, on the application of Sir John Karslake, the Court granted a rule for a criminal information against the printer and publisher of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* for having stated that it was rumoured that the Prince of Wales was likely again to appear as a co-respondent in the Divorce Court in a case of the Earl of Sefton *v.* The Countess. The learned counsel said there was no foundation whatever for the statement.

Au café.

La salle où nous nous tenons est sans horloge, notre montre est arrêtée, nolis appelons le garçon:

"Garçon, voulez-vous me dire l'heure?"

"Oui monsieur."

(Et il se dirige vers l'horloge de la salle voisine, puis, se ravisant, il revient vers nous:)

"L'heure exacte? monsieur."

Several of the Paris journals relate a pleasant circumstance, namely, that M. Poisson, the old cashier of the Hôtel-de-Ville, has refused to pay to M. Henri Chevreau his salary for the first month as Prefect of the Seine. "But why not?" asked the astonished functionary.—"Ah!" replied the guardian of the strong-box, "I must have my balance correct,—and the *other*, you know whom I mean, your predecessor,—the *other*, had drawn in advance!"

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have summoned George Holman for pricking the sides of The Doctor, in the Grand National Steeple-Chase, last month. The case will be heard at Liverpool on Monday next. If a summons were taken out every time the doctor bled *us*, what a lively time the magistrates would have of it!

Chez Mme. Pepita de N'importequoi, jolie femme, très aimée dans l'armée française.

"Ma chère, s'écrie une amie en lisant le *Gaulois*, tu sais qu'on va réduire énormément le contingent de l'armée?"

"Que dis-tu? ce n'est pas possible!"

"Parfaitement."

"Et à combien fixe-t-on le nombre des soldats, désormais?"

"A 90,000"

"Enfin, *c'est toujours ça!*"

The approach of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy has produced two good suggestions. First, that each picture should bear a small label with the name of the artist. Secondly, that there should be a rail in front of the works of art—an innovation which would permit those behind the fortunate occupants of the front row a chance of seeing something more than the frames.

Mot just captured from the Baron de Brisse :—

It is with mushrooms as with thieves. One tries each with a silver spoon.

FRESH FROM AUBER.—At the French opera, the other night, a *débûtante*, with a lovely face but wretched figure, came upon the boards. "What is she like?" asked his companion of the *maestro?* "Like a stick of asparagus," answered the immortal man; "she has nothing about her worth twopence except her head."

A new and true story of Felice Orsini. When Orsini and his fellow criminal Pieri were making their toilette for the scaffold, Pieri could not refrain from trembling. "Executioner," cried Orsini in a terrible voice, "I shall feel obliged by your throwing our heads into different baskets. Mine would not be at peace with the head of a coward."

The house of Mr. H. G. Bohn, the eminent publisher, has just been plundered of a large quantity of choice mediæval plate. It will be learned with some satisfaction that there was nothing on the plate so shamelessly bo(h)ned except the crest.

Careful scrutiny with a powerful telescope has elicited the circumstance that there are now only four small spots distinctly visible on the face of the sun. The serious blotch on the left cheek has disappeared; and the sun's "unwithered countenance" is once more nearly free from those disfigurements which Madame Rachel used to remove.

The "Public Schools" annual racquet matches were played at Prince's Club on Easter Monday and Tuesday, the result being in favour of Rugby.

Mr. Pegg, of Brighton, whose catering was so highly appreciated during the late review, has been appointed Tent-Pegg to the Volunteers. Mr. Brill will also have a plaice in the commissariat. Mr. Mutton, as heretofore, will still be attached to the "line."

In the Divorce Court :—

JUDGE (courteously).—"On what grounds, Madam, do you ask for a divorce?"

FASHIONABLY ATTIRED LADY.—"On the ground that my marriage is illegal."

JUDGE.—"Illegal?"

F. A. L.—"Yes, lotteries are illegal. Marriage is a lottery; therefore, my marriage is illegal."

"How old is the world?" was asked of Dumas *fils* the other day. "The world," answered the brilliant story-teller, "seems to me to be an old coquette who conceals her age."

Mad dogs are reported unusually prevalent. It cannot be too often repeated that the immediate application of lunar caustic, or a red hot iron, is the only possible treatment which offers a chance of success.

LE CURE.—"Combien y a-t-il de dieux?"

L'ENFANT.—"Quatre."

LE CURE.—"Je vous chasse, ignorant."

Arrivé à la porte, l'enfant recontre un de ses camarades, et l'abordant :

"Combien qu'y a de Dieux?"

"Y en a un, pardié!"

"Vas y, avec t'n *un* J'y ai dit qui y en a quatre: il n'est pas encore content."

"For Love or Money?"

For Love at the *Ville de Vreau:* for Money in the Haymarket.

A well-known American photographer "took the cars" for home the other night, and wearied with a long day's work in posing hard subjects for pictures fell into a gentle doze. At the first station a lady entered and stopping at the vacant seat by "R.'s" side, said, "Can I *sit* here, sir?" "Yes'm," said the half-aroused artist: "Full length or bust?"

Among the stories told of the American General Thomas is one of an incident which occurred when he and his chief of staff, General Garfield, were inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga in 1863. They heard a shout, "Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you;" and General Thomas found that he was the person addressed by an uncouth, backwoods, East Tennessee soldier. He stopped, and the dialogue which ensued was as follows:—"Mister, I want a furlough." "On what grounds do you want a furlough, my man?" "I want to go home and see my wife." "How long since you saw your wife?" "Ever since I enlisted, nigh on to three months." Three months!" good-naturedly; "why my good man, I haven't seen my wife for three years." The East Tennessean stopped whittling for a moment, and stared incredulously; at length he said, "Well, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind." Even General Thomas's grimness was not proof against the laughter which he rode away to conceal, leaving the astonished soldier without an answer.

General Prim has been ill with a bad leg for the last few days; however, he is better now, and probably will soon go out, not from the Ministry, but for a walk.

Another of the old inns of London is about to become a thing of the past. The White Bear Inn, Piccadilly, has been taken by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, who propose to build here a restaurant of large and novel form. There are many associations connected with this old hostelry. It is said that Saltman, who engraved Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' resided there; the celebrated engraver Chatelain died in the old inn; and Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, lodged in the house occasionally.

General Pleasanton tells an amusing Indian story. He was once, while stationed on a frontier post, surrounded by threatening bands of Cheyennes, with whom he wished to negotiate a treaty, but they were too suspicious or hostile to place themselves in his power. At last he succeeded in capturing a young Indian of rank, whom he held as a hostage. One day this captive, sullenly stalking about the fort, came upon a soldier who, for want of better amusement, was playing with a child's jumping jack. The savage was transfixed with wonder and admiration. He watched the antics of the little figure in breathless silence for some minutes, then turned and ran past the sentinels, leaped all obstructions, and escaped from the fort. In a short time, however, he returned, heading a deputation of chiefs, who, after spending an hour or so in rapt contemplation of the jumping jack, held a solemn council and negotiated the desired treaty, stipulating, as the most important condition, that the marvellous little toy should always remain at the fort.

A French duellist, coming home from his last meeting, gave two napoleons to the coachman. "Many thanks, sir; it is a pleasure to drive you out!"—"I beg pardon; it is not for driving me out that I gave you those two napoleons; it is for driving me home again."

"Oh, for a thousand tongues," said a little urchin who had crawled inside a huge sugar hogshead.

Quotations from the Stock Exchange :—

JOBBER No. 1. (pensive.) "Poor B— is dead. Such a misfortune! (pause.) He owed me a couple of hundred."

JOBBER No. 2. (radiant.) "You don't say so! (pause.) I owed him fifty."

The title of Mr. Robertson's New Comedy is to be "M. P."—Most pleasant?

What is a Usurer?
A Banker who exceeds the law.
What is a Banker?
A Usurer who keeps within the law.

A Fifeshire correspondent sends to the *Edinburgh Courant* the following story: Recently a farmer residing in the East Neuk placed a sovereign in his mouth to keep it separate from some silver coins which he was paying away, and by accident the golden piece vanished down his throat. For some time much inconvenience was experienced in his breathing, and on Tuesday evening last, being in Edinburgh, he went in company with a friend to the Theatre Royal, and in appreciation of Mr. Sothern's representation of Lord Dundreary he laughed heartily, and thereafter was seized with a violent fit of coughing, when he expectorated the long-lost gold coin, the sight of which caused no inconsiderable amount of joy, and he again breathes freely after its ejectment. The usual fee ought certainly to be sent to Dr. Sothern.

Charles Lemaître, the son of the distinguished actor, has left a five-act piece, called *La Bouquetière du Château d'Eau.*

The Man Abroad.

Baden-Baden, *April 21st.*

I KNOW of no place more delightful than Baden-Baden at this period and in the month of May, unless it be Baden-Baden in August and September. In the latter months the season is at its height; the races are being held; the promenade in front of the Conversation House is crowded with the wealth, rank, beauty, impudence, rascaldom, innocence, and effrontery, of every capital in Europe; and even *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* may be seen several crowned heads and German *roitelets*, who are disporting themselves unburdened of the cares of state. Then, it is true, Baden-Baden may be very delightful to those who love the whirl of excitement in which it is then necessary to live. I must confess, for my own part, that, though I have passed a month at that period very pleasantly indeed, that, perhaps because one wearies of repetition, I like Baden now more than at any other time. There is a strange resemblance between Baden and the Boulevard at that time, when the *crevès* and the little ladies swoop down on one like wolves upon the fold, and make their horrid *argot* heard throughout the length and breadth of M. Dupressoir's *etablissement*. For the race week, at all events, Baden is so crowded, and your wants so little attended to, that on a future occasion I mean to go away, should I happen to be there, to Rastalt or Kehl, where I should not be compelled to sleep in a bath, first, because they would not have such a commodity in the place, and secondly, because at the *Gasthaus zum Goldenen Lamm* they are never full; indeed, the arrival of a stranger in the hostelry of either of these towns sends the whole place into a fever of discussion for the whole of his sojourn. Then, again, there is the betting element, which makes its appearance for the race week. People, of course, have a perfect right to bet with each other (at least in Baden territory); but there is something very much opposed to the fitness of things in the idea that the English bookmakers should be dispersed during the intervals of sport—one, the silver-tongued Nicholl, gazing from the dizzy heights of the *Alte Schloss;* another, Jewish, and replendent with diamond rings, sitting beneath the shade of the great castle where the ancestors of the present sovereign held rude state almost in the days when the chosen people remained in their own land. I am not in any way inclined to sentimentalism, but I do think that the *genius loci* should be protected from such desecration as this; and that if it is considered necessary to have these gentry over, at least they should be brought under the care of keepers, and conveyed carefully to an hotel, and taken directly to and from Iffizheim. Under any circumstances, I most heartily recommend any one who loves a fortnight of pure and uninterrupted pleasure, to come here now. It is the calm which precedes instead of succeeding the storm.

Writing this, as I do, from the balcony of a window in the Hotel à la cour de Bade, looking on the garden, it is difficult to believe that we are only in the month of April. The foliage and vegetation, at least a fortnight earlier than with you, is beginning to burst forth in its full and luxurious beauty. The universal heart of nature seems to leap with joy at the prospect of summer—and the profitable Baden visitors. The finishing touches are being put to the fronts of newly-decorated shops and hotels, the *croupiers* of the tables, who are principally tradesmen of the town, are getting up, *de novo*, their little stock of French, which is just sufficient to enable them to pronounce with methodical correctness of accent the *repertoire* of M. Dupressoir; the tables themselves are being set in order, and in ten days—that is, on Sunday week (pardon them, O Exeter Hall!)—the little wheel will once more revolve, and the cards turn up trumps or otherwise, particularly otherwise, for another five months. It has been said of them, as the Roman poet said of the tawny Tiber, *labitur et labeiur in omne volubilis ærum;* but whoever said so had counted without Count Bismarck and his august master. The cruel decree has gone forth, and after 1872, the wheel will cease to revolve, and the game to be made, wherever the black and white flag waves, directly or indirectly. The Grand Duke of Baden, who, whether because his wife is a daughter of the Prussian king, or because he believes in the political necessity of a Fatherland, one and indivisible, I know not, is anxious to do all in his power to approach the hour when his kingdom shall be swallowed up in Prussia, has eagerly seized the occasion of shutting up the tables, even at the loss of the large revenue which they occasion. There may, after all, be more of the wisdom of the serpent in this than might appear at first sight, for he probably knows that play is doomed, not only in his dominions, but at Homburg, Wiesbaden, Manheim, Ems, and Spa. Under these circumstances, Baden will commence her career of innocence under very favourable auspices. Suppose the attraction of the board of green cloth taken away from all these places, and who for a moment can question the superior claims of Baden to our affections? There are, of course, a small proportion of people who really go to Hamburg or Ems on account of the medicinal properties of their waters, but they are few and far between; and, with the rest of the water-drinkers, the *brunnen* are but plausible excuses for a turn at the tables, or at least for enjoying the *dolce far niente* of one of the German paradises—or *infernos*, as the superlatively good people would term them. Upon equal terms, Baden can more than hold her own in the struggle for possession of the visitors, who are now pretty equally divided. I cannot fancy any one going either to Hamburg or Ems, where there is no play to attract them. Manheim, as it is, is as deserted as Arabia Petræa; and Wiesbaden, though better than the other three, cannot compare, for romantic beauty, with the neighbourhood of Baden. Nestling at the foot of the Black Mountains, Baden seems to me—but I may be enthusiastic—the most delightful spot in Europe. The climate, too, is so delicious, that in itself it enhances the attractions of Baden for a spring, summer, or autumn residence. In the winter it is, of course, deserted, though a few years ago many Russian and some English families used to spend the winter months here—and by no means unpleasantly. At this time of year, as the great blossoms of the chestnut trees and the large beds of azaleas are beginning to bloom, the Lichtenthal *allée* is superb. There is a freshness and sweetness in the air, which is peculiarly grateful to one, whose haunts have been, lately, in the busy streets and lanes of a great city.

The glorious old castle ruins frown down upon us from among the dark pines which embosom it; the little river Oos is leaping in its bed, sparkling and clear as the grateful trout which disport themselves in its waters; the route from Baden to Eberstein-burg, by way of the picturesque little village of Gernsbach, is just assuming its summer garments; and the hundred other drives, rides, and walks, which give Baden that never-ending variety of aspect, seem to know by intuition that the welfare of their neighbourhood depends upon the influence which their beauty may exert on the strangers within their gates. I always come to Baden by an express train and leave it by a very slow one—nothing to do with the result of my play, I can assure you; but because I hasten to come, but am loth to go away. My Sabine farm should always take the form of one of those little villas—say the Gagarin—that look over the Lichtenthal. That, with not less than two or more than four thousand per annum, with liberty to spend the two last and three first months of the year in travelling where I liked, is my idea of the *summum bonum*. I was very near it once, but—*passons*—I quite anticipate them, and am glad to find that my opinions are those of the great majority of the hotel-keepers, tradesmen, &c., of the town (no bad judges on such a point), that the closing of the tables simultaneously will be rather favourable than otherwise to the Grand Duke's capital. The scenery, the climate, the enterprise of M. Dupressoir, the sport, and the associations of the place, will infallibly give it the *premier place* in the affections of a large majority of the travelling world. The Queen of Prussia, whose favourite residence it is, and who comes here during the summer as often as ever she can get away from Berlin (they are even now getting the Messmer House — the one opposite the Conversation House—ready for her), helps much to render it popular; and the Russians—who, by-the-bye, have re-established their pleasant club, which was somewhat unceremoniously broken up four seasons ago—form an important contingent. It will be, undoubtedly, a great deprivation to many, being unable to contribute to the common fund for providing the amusements which entertain us; but let them be of good cheer: there is a comfortable sum put by for that purpose out of the gains of earlier years.

Our Prize Rhymes.

Prize Word—No. XXVI.—Saraband.

First—

I've been diddled by quadrupeds Arab and
English; horse, gelding, and mare,—
Till I've danced a maniacal saraband,
And pulled out great handsful of hair.

Kangaroo'ed by the whole *Yarra-yarra* band,
Lady Betty'ed, and *Earled* from my place;
Viscount-y Courted, and *Tarabaned*
Out of my wits and the race.

Philippos.

Second—

Some two score Turks, an Arab and
A Greek, some short time since,
Between them danced a saraband
And thus did please the Prince.

In Spes.

Third—

To execute a saraband
Perfectly, one would need
Be stately as a Arab and
Graceful as his steed.

String Halt.

With the noise of the revels the Don's castle sounds,
As they tread with light footsteps the gay saraband.
When the cry of "The Moor is upon us" resounds!—
On they come with the speed of a fierce Arab band,
Putting all to the sword; until black shudd'ring night
Creeps away, and the cold morn grows pale at the sight.

Don Roberto.

The harp that once sounded through dear Tara-land,
Hangs unstrung on the wall;
Its sweet chords are mute, for the last saraband
Has been danced in the hall!

Erin.

Sir Coote and Tinney have got a band,
To which you can dance a saraband.
Now, sir, if that rhyme is too bad to please you,
May the fiend (who in choosing prize words does inspire you)
Seize you, and squeeze you; for sure am I that you,
Without his aid (and that of his satellites too),
Could not choose half such awkward words as you do.

Tripendium.

In that far land—in fact, so far a land,
That if the sun sleeps, 'tis but for a minute—
Fair Nonah, drest in splendour, har a band
Of gold to twine her hair half out half in it
(Her hair was yellow as Sahara sand),
Made vow that at the ball she would begin it;
So Nonah put on her tiara and,
With Don Fernandos, danced a saraband.

That was in Spain, as you may well suppose,
For nowhere else is danced the saraband;
And Nonah, with gay sandals on her toes,
Had come to Seville, in a caravan, d-
-Etermined to make captive Don Fernandos,—
Who, in these gallant days of war, a band
Of nobles led;—his motto, "Daré,"—a hand,
His crest, which Nonah thought was "varra grand"!

Prima Donna.

Competition Papers received from Jabez; Cricklewood; Marsden; J. J. P.; Mr. Wemmick; A. Rose; Normanby; S. Hawes; Dreamer; O.; Reformer; Westwind; Cherry and Black; Ann-dare-lose-I-Her?; Paris; Hop; Exit Pompey.

Rose.—Wealth for the *first:* Honour for second and third. Are you not best off?

Phadrig.—Your competition paper was received much too late for insertion. Enter the lists against the new word next week.

Prize Word—No. XXVII.—Vase.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

PROCEEDING, so far as possible, in chronological order, we now approach a branch of this subject which, both from the gravity of its nature and the serious consequences it entailed on the Nawab, may be considered entitled to precedence in the list of grievances within a grievance complained of by His Highness. The particular matters, of which we have already roughly treated, may be classed under the heads of Treaty Wrongs, Misapplication of the Nizamut Funds, Transactions of Mr. Torrens. The matter before us may be referred to generally, as is said in Court, as "The Great Murder Case." A brief outline of its facts is as follows :—

On the 31st March, 1853, the Nawab was out on a shooting excursion, with a suite of some 2,000 persons. During his absence, one Hossainee missed a box belonging to his master, Meah Urjoomund, one of His Highness' eunuchs. A lad named Muddee, and subsequently a vagrant called Hingoo, were suspected of having committed the theft, and were seized and beaten. Whether from the effects of the chastisement or not, it is not clear, but it is certain that on the 5th and 6th of April both died. A month or so after their decease, the mother of the boy Muddee presented a petition to the Dewan's office of the Nizamut, accusing Aman Ali Khan, the chief eunuch, and others of His Highness' household of the murder of her son. By His Highness' orders, a strict inquiry was at once set on foot. All the witnesses deposed that the lad had died of cholera. The physician stated that he had treated the boy for that disorder, naming the drugs employed; and, further, that cholera was prevalent at the time, ten or twelve others having about the same period died of it in camp. The mother of Muddee, as did his brother, declared that the petition presented in her name to the Agent did not bear her seal, and was a forgery. The father of the boy stated that he had actually seen his son die of cholera. In the face of these statements, the Nawab was induced, not unnaturally, to believe in the innocence of the accused, especially as Aman Ali Khan, the alleged chief offender, had been in the Nawab's service from boyhood, and was known to His Highness as a person whose good qualities, rewarded by a position of trust and authority, had made him the subject of much envy among subordinate officers of the household.

In September of the same year the whole affair formed the subject of judicial investigation. The case was thoroughly and strictly sifted; the Sudder Nizamut, the highest court of justice in the country, after a long and patient trial, acquitting the prisoners, not only of the crime of which they were accused, but even of privity to the offence.

The Nawab, who had, during the interval between Aman Ali Khan's trial and his acquittal, suspended him from his office of Dewan, considering the innocence of his servant satisfactorily established, received him again into favour, and treated him in other respects as an innocent man.

It will be unnecessary to remind most of our readers that at this particular period the rule of Hindustan was in the hands of the Marquis of Dalhousie. That bold and unscrupulous statesman, whose eagle eye never missed an opportunity of spoiling the Egyptians, saw in the occurrence just narrated a way of striking a blow at native independence too tempting to be missed. On the 15th November, his lordship addressed a long letter to the Agent at Moorshedabad. "Whatever view," wrote his lordship, "may be taken of the decision of the lower tribunal, the Governor-General cannot permit this matter to rest at the point to which the decision of the Sudder Court has left it." Reviewing the evidence at great length, his lordship,—having held a kind of personal court, in which he filled the offices of prosecutor, counsel for the prosecution, and judge,—in defiance of the solemn verdict of the highest court of justice in India, pronounced Aman Ali Khan guilty. "Although the judicial sentence of acquittal" (we quote his lordship again) "passed by the Court is final, yet the effect of that sentence is by no means to relieve the eunuchs of the least degree of responsibility for their conduct to their master, and still less to relieve His Highness from the least degree of responsibility for his own acts and those of his servants to the government under which he lives and upon which he depends." Having thus found the master guilty of the heinous offence of possessing a servant whom, in spite of the Marquis's "belief," had been declared innocent by the proper tribunal, his lordship proceeded to "infer" that the Nawab was himself cognisant of the torture and its consequence, and was, in fact, morally guilty of the crime of which his servant had obtained legal acquittal. The evidence on which Lord Dalhousie founded these monstrous theories show the kind of "facts" on which a man resolved upon an unjust decision will not scruple to rely. The tent occupied by the Nawab was pitched about fifty yards from that of the Chief Eunuch, where Lord Dalhousie assumed that the men were beaten. Now, it appears that *six* allegations were made as to the place where the men were beaten, the locality being in *one* case only the camp, the chastisement on that single occasion taking place *before His Highness returned from shooting*. But had the whole six beatings been effected at the spot indicated by Lord Dalhousie, it will be scarcely necessary to point out to any one acquainted with the constitution of an encampmeut on the scale of the Nawab's that it might well have proceeded without His Highness having the remotest suspicion that anything unusual was taking place. The trumpeting of sixty elephants, the shouting and confused cries of two thousand native servants and camp-followers, and the strenuous efforts of a large and able-bodied brass band, which played unceasingly while His Highness was within hearing, would have effectually drowned the noise of not one beating only, but of one hundred corrections. Even had the "tent" in which the Nawab was housed been the ordinary marquee with which we associate such accommodation here, the ignorance of its occupant, under the circumstances, of what transpired around him would have been natural and intelligible.

But there are tents and tents. The tent of a dignitary such as the Nawab inhabited is a substantial structure; almost as effectual in deadening sound as a brick wall. In this particular instance it was double-walled, and surrounded by a high *kanat*, or thick cloth enclosure, through which the braying of the opheicleides which troubled His Highness' peace must have penetrated with difficulty. To allege that the sound of a beating fifty yards off—had such occurred—could or should have been heard from such a coign of disadvantage is simply monstrous.

Nor is the other accusation, on which Lord Dalhousie rested his belief in the Nawab's complicity with his servants, less an outrage on common sense. The eunuchs, his lordship complained, "dined daily with His Highness!" In reply to this charge, the Nawab in his memorial demanded with grave irony, if "any prince would like to be made responsible for the acts of those who dined daily with him?" But this is, of course, not the point. The questions are (1) Whether His Highness was justified in receiving at his table men who had been accused of murder: a query which has a complete answer in the fact that those whom Lord Dalhousie persisted in considering guilty had been formally and fully acquitted. (2) Whether—we scarcely like to hint even at such a disgraceful possibility—the eunuchs would have been likely to discuss the question of their own implication in the crime laid to their charge in their master's presence? The idea is too preposterous to be seriously considered for an instant.

The Nawab, in entertaining, as usual, his old and confidential servants, who had just been acquitted on what His Highness believed to be an utterly false charge, did much as a banker might do on hearing that an unfounded accusation of robbing the till, made against his head clerk, had been dismissed. We do not imagine that, in such a case, it would be necessary to take Mr. Bruce's opinion as to the propriety of a verdict found at the Central Criminal Court.

The next point urged by Lord Dalhousie against the Nawab was that, although the death of the unfortunate men took place during the early part of April, no information of its occurrence was given to the police of the district; but, on the contrary, it was given out, *apparently on authority*, that the men had died of cholera, and that it was not until the 1st of May that a report of the real circumstances of the case reached the magistrate of the district. Pausing for an instant to remark upon the disingenuous nature of the insinuation "apparently on authority," we may reply, on the faith of the Nawab's solemn assurance, that he was wholly and entirely ignorant of the circumstances of the case until they were officially brought to his notice by the petition presented to the agent. That immediately on becoming acquainted with the facts, he ordered instant and full inquiry into the allegations made by the petitioner. That the entire conduct and bearing of the Nawab, to whose known gentleness and amiability of character there was plenty of European testimony, was, from the time of his hearing the accusation against his servants, that of a man earnestly desirous of eliciting the truth, can be doubted by no reasonable being—not an Indian official.

The Nawab lost no time in replying to the manifesto of the Governor-General. After having expressed his grief at being held responsible for the conduct of his servants, His Highness narrated the true facts of the case, as we have stated them, replying to his Lordship's requisition for "explanations in writing" in a full and satisfactory manner. Although no demand to that effect had been made in his Lordship's communication, the Nawab dismissed all the eunuchs from their several offices, permitting them, however, to continue among his retinue, under a proviso that they should not resume their usual employments until the matter should be finally decided. Months passed, and nothing further was heard from either the Governor-General or the Court of Directors, to which body the matter had, it was reported, been referred. At length, on the 23rd March, 1854, the Governor-General pronounced the explanations of the Nawab "most unsatisfactory;" His Highness was commanded at once to "dismiss altogether" the eunuchs from his service, and "to hold no further communication with them." His Highness was also refused permission to take the change of air of which he was medically certified to be in need, His Lordship refusing to sanction, under any circumstances, the usual disbursement from the Deposit Fund for His Highness's travelling expenses.

The question was not, as the memorial in commenting on this monstrous and arbitrary exercise of power forcibly observes, whether the eunuchs were innocent or guilty; but whether, having been declared innocent by the highest Court of Justice in India, any one had a right to pronounce them guilty and to punish them as such, and visit their supposed sins on a defenceless prince, because he coincided in opinion with British judges. For the crime of being of the same opinion as the Sudder Nizamut, the Nawab was deprived of air and exercise, and his right to have his travelling expenses paid from the Deposit Funds; and, by a recommendation to the Court of Directors, to abolish the salute due to his rank.

The Governor-General even refused to comply with an indent for military stores required for the Nawab's use; and brought in a Bill depriving His Highness, his family, and relations of all immunities and rights, which had been secured to them by treaties, by pledges from successive Governors-General, and by no less than four Acts of Council. It must be sufficient to add, in this place, that the Court of Directors sanctioned all Lord Dalhousie's proposed measures, except that instead of abolishing the salute, it appeared to them "sufficient that the number of guns be reduced from nineteen to thirteen," and that they declined to interfere with His Highness's income *during his lifetime*, a qualification causing serious alarm as to what they would feel inclined to do in the time to come.

SMALL TALK FOR STREET MEETINGS.

SHARP.—Hullo, Blunt, how are you? Heard the last new riddle? Why's a pretty girl (don't look at *her*, you sly dog!)—why's a pretty girl, I say, like a bad shilling?

BLUNT.—Can't say, I'm sure. P'raps 'cause she's got a head on.

SHARP.—Ha! Ha! No, that's not it. Look here, you sly dog, you (pokes him in the waistcoat); it's because there is no passing her.

[Exit Blunt in profound meditation.]—*Punch*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jeremiah Farr.—Better be Merry Giaffar. Your proposition and your spelling may both be characterised as lamentable.

Tumbler.—From the stand the race is certainly visible at all points. For a tumbler, you seem to make poor use of glasses.

Maître Corbeau.—Do not crow until the wood is past. Those who sit on a high tree should hold their cheese fast.

Charles the Bold.—*Bald* you mean. You must be a very old man to entertain such withered ideas.

Floss.—For others lift your tempting veil, for others wag your artful tale, you shall not shake *this* stedfast male.

Crab.—Your conduct is eminently shellfish.

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Covent Garden.—La Traviata Half-past Eight.
Drury Lane.—Il Flauto Magico. Half-past Eight.
Adelphi.—Too Much of a Good Thing—The Prompter's Box—My Precious Betsy. Seven.
Lyceum.—Sampson's Wedding—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.
Olympic.—My Turn Next—At Eight: Frou-Frou—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.
Strand.—Widow's Weeds—Sir George and a Dragon—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.
Gaiety.—Happy Village—A Lucky Friday—The Princess of Trebizond. Seven.
Prince of Wales'—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
New Queen's.—'Twixt Axe and Crown—My Wife's Dentist Seven.
Royalty.—Little Mother—At Nine: Black Eyed Susan—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.
Vaudeville.—For Love or Money—Don Carlos—Cupboard Love. Seven.
Globe.—Milky White—Robert Macaire. Half-past Seven.
Charing Cross.—The Twin Sisters—Ixion. Seven.
Astley's.—Peep o'Day. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

WHILE Christmas, that hoary imposter, was even more than usually dull and cold, in the way of providing attractive novelties, Easter has been profuse in her offerings. The theatres have been a perfect mint of new pieces—grave and gay, lively and severe—displaying, some of them, an amount of head and tale astonishing in these days of Brummagem theatrical tokens. Two operas, which promise *L'Oca del Cairo* and *Der Flérgeuder Holländer*, instead of such unknown works as *Gli Ugonotti* or *Il Trovatore*, are in full blast. Picture galleries invite us to come in and be oiled and varnished, at every turn. Entertainers—some of whom do, but most of whom do *not* entertain—are on the look out for our 3, 2, and 1 every night, and at three on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with those new Budgets of Comicalities, the very mention of which brings tears (not of laughter) into the eyes. Professor Pepper imparts a new zest to our scientific studies, and the interest of Madame Tussaud's waxes daily and nightly. Mr. Cremer has laid eggs in sufficient quantity to make a Dorking jealous. Finally (to pass over lightly such material blessings as salmon and lamb), we have had the finest and hottest days for our holiday within the memory of the oldest wheel-barometer, and a Volunteer Review without a cloud.

Had Sir John Suckling—that merry and musical babe—been still on the surface, he would have admitted that even the spectacle of his mistress "on the flure" formed scarcely so fine a sight as that of the sun which danced over Brighton on Easter-day. The brilliant jigs and galliards he performed on the glittering white houses, flashing casements, and gilded balconies of the finest ride in Europe was in itself sufficient to have converted the poet. Then the coranto, as executed by universal desire between his Serene Blaziness and the British volunteer, was, for light, colour, and harmony, a picture. Above, or—to be more accurate—beyond all, there was the sink-a-pace, or sunset he performed, to the admiration of all beholders, over the sea—a turquoise, in a hazy opal setting, the like of which has seldom been seen out of the Academy. So really exhilirating was the sight of these unexpected blessings, that none save inhabitants of Lord-Wardenville, that dismal sketch in chalk of a decayed seaport, could have grudged the town which bore her honours so bravely the choice which had once more fallen on her. The splendid and successful review which now annually glorifies Easter Monday can, it is quite clear, flourish nowhere as it can under the shadow of its Brill and its Mutton. For the fact is, a review should not, as Mr. Pickwick found out long since, be altogether business. Evolutions are all very well, but the eye—yea, and the stomach—craves for something more than the quintessence of drill. Nowhere is such spacious, splendid, and accessible hospitality offered to the British volunteer as at London-Super-Mare. And, if he be wise, he will continue to accept what she offers so graciously; only *don't* let him repay her by wearing his kilt—especially when it blows—on the pier.

Since I learned, on authority, that the answers to correspondents in the *London Journal* were genuine, I have felt little surprise at anything in the way of confidences exchanged between an editor and his readers. When it has once been firmly fixed in one's mind that a veritable John can consult his scissors-and-paste Mentor as to whether it is usual in the highest circles to eat peas with a knife; and that a Mary Jane in the flesh can make serious inquiry of the same authority as to how far kisses before marriage are permissible, everything that follows is easy. Yet it does strike one with something like a chill of wonder when one finds neglected wives—by the dozen—selecting the sympathetic bosom of the conductor of the *Daily Telegraph* as the sink into which to pour their more or less ungrammatical griefs. It does seem just in the slightest degree curious that these afflicted matrons, crushed into silence through long years of neglect and desertion, should burst into pathetic song in the *Penny Thunderbolt*. It is odd, too, how much in the style of diluted leader the chief representatives of the ladies write; and with what almost suspicious regularity the ball is tossed from wife to husband, up one column and down another. Can it be—but no, the thought is unworthy.

If any additional proof of the blighting influence of the recent restrictions placed on two-year-old running were needed, it was afforded by the forlorn nature of the entertainment presented to the patrons of the Craven this week. It was really heartbreaking to see this pleasantest of the Newmarket "Severals" responsible for racing which would have disgraced Little Shuntington. Walks over and Sweepstakes reduced, like a decayed beggar, to matches, stood out here and there among a whole service of the commonest Plates, making as terrible a show as that afforded to the other Heath (a Scotch branch of the family) in the play. Had it not been for the Three-year-old Biennial, the single item of real interest in the five days' programme, the excitement which perpetual losses afforded to the backer, and the flavour which Sir Joseph Hawley's motion threw over the whole, I cannot think that any sane person would have left his own particular icepit for the Limekilns. Though sorely exercised in spirit at Astolfo's defeat, I was much consoled by the satisfactory resu't of the first move made by the great reformer. A majority of seven in a meeting of twenty-five does more than record a victory. It will exercise a moral as well as a material influence over the agitators who desire to disturb one of the few really Conservative institutions left to us. The Turf has too many thirsting for its blood—or should I say dew?—to be under the necessity of stinging itself to death. If the blow is to come, let it come from the *Telegraph*, as it threatens it shall; or Mr. Whalley; or Joey Jones, or some fitting person—outside.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. 21.

ANNABEL.

Drip, drip, upon the roof the ceaseless rain
Falls heavily in dreary monotone,
And the sad wind upon the window pane,
Like a lost spirit, beats with sob and moan:—
One sits upon the wretched truckle bed,
And stares around the blank and cheerless room—
A sickly candle gutters in the gloom—
Into the thin hands sinks the weary head.

O Sorrow—Disappointment—ghost of Hope!
Lo the dark kingdom over which ye reign!
Your royal prey, the heart which sought to cope
With an inexorable fate in vain!
Chant your fierce pæans to the storms of night,
And flap with hideous joy your dusky wings—
Hatch your black brood of grim unshapely things—
Cast your foul shadows over visions bright!

"What have I done that misery thus has darkened
The once fair promises of happy life?
Love whispered softly to me, and I hearkened—
She listened too, and she became my wife.
Twelve months of undimmed happiness then sped—
Yet six months more, and then there came to me,
In undreamed horror, cold-eyed Poverty—
Another three months passed—and then she fled.

"Go, shriek in hell, ye broken marriage vows!
Go, teach the devils how we mortals sin!
The sullied purity of wedded brows
A seat near Satan's self shall surely win.
To love—to honour—cherish! Full-mouthed lie
That leaps from out a wanton woman's lips!
Gold can the lights of honest love eclipse,
And adulation shallow hearts can buy.

"O base and coward eyes that weep for thee!
O shameful will that cannot hate thy name!
O madman's love that once again would be,
As in the earliest hours of love, the same!
Weak nature that would still embrace a lie,
I bless thee while I curse thee, Annabel!
Without thee, heaven itself would seem a hell;
And I would kiss thee once before I die!"

High, in the dreamy blue of summer skies,
On Pleasure's gay domain the sun gleams down
Upon the good and bad, the fools and wise,
That seek their pastime in the mighty town.
Through the thronged streets, in endless ebb and flow,
The brilliant season moves its willing slaves;
And gay society's well-dressed dupes and knaves
Play their small parts in drawing-room and Row.

Who is the lady with the red-gold hair,
Large violet eyes, and most majestic form?
Of all the London belles she is most fair,
Yet grand withal, as nature in a storm:
Her name is foreign, yet her speech betrays
Her English birth—they say, some widow, she,
Of a count, noble named in Italy—
Society marks her with its curious eyes.

What matter who she is! Wealth, face, and name,
Win her a welcome entrée everywhere:
A hundred tongues are busy with her fame—
For praise or envy she seems not to care:
With stately steps, with cold and fearless mien,
She passed onward through the wondering crowd,
Converses sweetly, calm, and angel-browed—
What matter what she is—or what has been?

No drawing-room so bright, but she adds lustre;
No party gay as when she mingles there;
The great, the rich, about her presence cluster—
The women cannot choose but own her fair.
Yet sometimes on her broad white forehead fell
A shadow and a gloom that should not be—
A strange light in those eyes, as they could see
What others saw not, and could guess not well.

But who shall dare to hint that some dull pain
Is ever, ever present in her heart?
What eye can see in that pure brow one stain?
What cynic whispers, she but plays a part?
And as she rises, and, with queenly grace,
Bids soft good night to partner and to host,
Who sees beside her any pallid ghost?
Who marks a shadow on her peerless face?

And yet there stands a spectre in the street,
The withered form of what was once a man,
Waiting the season's brightest dame to meet,
With limbs all trembling, and with visage wan.
Then, to her brougham, beneath the canopy
She comes, led by a lordling fair and sleek;
And one darts forward—breathes upon her cheek,
"Such as I am, you, Annabel, shall be."

She heard the voice—she met the corpse-like stare;
About her lips she felt the hot damp breath,
And of an awful shuddering she was 'ware,
A horror-seeming harbinger of death!
The light luxurious brougham soon brought her home;
With faint and faltering steps she gained her room;
And, grovelling on the floor, she knew her doom.
"This lying life has passed—the end has come."

Alone—alone! no loving hand to dry
The gathering dews upon the aching brow;
No tender voice to calm the agony—
Not one of all her flatterers near her now!
No gentle heart to hush the bitter moan—
The fevered pillow none is there to smooth—
The awful anguish there is none to soothe—
She lived an idol—and she dies alone!

Ah! who will pause beside that nameless grave,
And breathe a softened blessing o'er the dead?
The bleak wind rages by—the rank weeds wave—
The village children shun the spot with dread!—
Old women whispered 'twas the gate of Hell—
Yet one weird night a ragged wanderer came,
Stretched himself there, and wildly shrieked,
"I claim
At last my home with thee, lost Annabel!"

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 11.

From Captain Kestrel Hawker to Almond Tumbler, Esq.

MY DEAR AL.,—Just up, with a splitting headache, attributable, no doubt, to that too seductive Pommery and Greno of yours, which is certainly drier than anything I have tasted since Charlie Bluerock went to the bad—Andover's year, by Jove! You are quite right, though—Fizz, however good, and Glenlivat do *not* agree: *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, which nothing but unlimited S. and B. will wipe away. I shall look in (if my head will let me) and have one at Rook's about three. No more billiards, though—at least not to-day, unless you *insist* on your revenge. But, upon my soul, it will hardly be fair, for my hand is as shaky as poor Harry Mayne's used to be at Riley's; and I shan't be able to see the pockets. In any case, fifty instead of a "hun." It is no good thing to play *you* when one is a bit "off." I never saw a man improve so much in what I call the really *scientific* part of the game, as you have of late. Old John said, only last week, that, for an amateur, your jennies were about the neatest things of the kind he had ever seen.

How deuced well Baby looked, last night, in her pearls! She whispered to me across the table that your taste was *perfect*. She doesn't care a bit for jewellery—mere precious stones, you know—and I hardly think would have consented to wear even pearls but for the exquisite simplicity and good taste of their setting. You rascal! It is easy to see you are *au mieux* in that quarter. Poor Fitz talks of going to Norway next week. It isn't the *fish* will take him away. There is not much chance for outsiders in *that* race, I fancy. Seriously, the poor little thing is off her head about you. It wouldn't be a bad idea to take her and her sister to Richmond on Sunday. *Qu' en dites vous?*

By the way, I mean to run down to the Craven on Monday, and want to take down a spare hundred or two. I would rather not apply just at this moment to my bankers, for I have only a balance of some three hundred and fifty; and old McTurk, senior partner and godfather, thinks I am going to the bad unless a monkey at least is lying to my credit in Lombard Street. Could you let me have a couple of hun. or so? Can't you manage to come down with us? Only Levanter, Diddlebury, Jack Macer, and myself. I have taken rooms at the Rutland; and I need not say, my dear boy, that where I am you can always be taken in and done for. There will be one or two good things during the week, and we shall be quite sure to cover our "exs." Bill Shunt, the trainer, tells me he is sure to land the Handicap with one of his team; and has kindly offered to let me stand in a hundred with the stable commission. You can have half if you like. Not a word, however, to any one. Bill won't tell me *which* one is to do the trick; but one can't be too cautious on the Turf.

Yours ever,

Kestrel Hawker.

P.S.—Moss has just sent over to say that he has no more of the P. & G., but has a very small quantity of extraordinary Hock (the same as drunk by H.I.M.), of which you can have a few cases. The mess-committee of the 11th are buying up all they can lay their hands on; so if you *do* take any, no time is to be lost.

The Grumbler.

HOT weather has set in at last, has it? Yes, and Tuesday last might have been mistaken for one of the Dog-days. Indeed? Well, it must have been a very dirty dog's—at least, as I found it in Regent-street—for anything exceeding the dust could nowhere have been met with, unless from a simoon in Sahara. The streets are always well watered. Are they? Well, perhaps they may be. Only, as a very discriminating foreigner observed, "too much is enough;" and certainly there is a line to be drawn between ophthalmic dust-clouds and crossings that rival the passage at Squash River, or the banks of the Mudaboo, wherever they may be. No! the fact is that, as there is every probability of our having an unusually hot summer, no time should be lost by the parochial authorities (heaven help their wisdom, and may propitious gods guide and direct their counsels!) in seeing into their contracts with the water-cart proprietors and water companies. Why is it that whenever and wherever a crossing happens to be a long one, and the traffic great, there should appear to be some underhand arrangement between the crossing-sweeper and water-cart driver? For the latter invariably pulls up, first on one side the crossing, then on the other, and, quietly arranging his pipe, allows a deluge of water to flow from his cart till a most goodly pool of slush and mud is formed on either side the crossing, compelling all traversers to take the swept midway and pay the toll. When shall we have learnt the lesson that has been set before us for years past by every other civilised capital in the universe? What do I mean? Why, small neat taps, at convenient distances, in each street, with attachable hose of sufficient length to jet the water lightly and cleanly all over the roads, without annoyance or interruption to the continuous traffic. Too expensive; requires too much labour, does it? Well, then, all I can say is, that labour is much cheaper in Paris and New York, and in neither of those places do they find any difficulty about it. The fact is, there is no argument about the matter; and if you want plain words for undeniable facts to explain the whole thing, take *Parish Jobbery*. Not very musical words, nor sweet-sounding? Well, I don't suppose any one in London cares for sweet sounds—at least the authorities seem to think so, at all events on Sundays. What do I mean? Why, bands may not play dance music in the parks now. Not that I believe they ever have done so, for any length of time, at all events. What harm is there in it? Ah! that I can't tell you; but this I can:—Not many years ago—some time, say, after George the Magnificent reigned—some of Strauss's delicious waltzes, and airs from Verdi, might have been heard any Sunday afternoon from the terrace of Windsor, while most respectable folks were walking the slopes. I never heard that the Dean and Chapter of St. George's (if there is a Dean and Chapter—or was, it's all the same thing,) were very much shocked; at all events, if they were, they never said anything about it. Now, is it not sad? With the most magnificent regiments in the world, possessing the very finest bands that, by possibility, can be got together, quartered in London, and with such beautiful places of resort as the parks, I say, is it not monstrous that arrangments are not made for such bands to play for two or three hours of Sunday, or, indeed, any afternoon, to enliven Kensington Gardens and their glades, giving the people at once one of the highest enjoyments of a cultivated taste, while encouraging a taste in those who possess it not? Why is there not, also, a good band every Sunday at Kew Gardens? Is there more harm in sweet sounds than in sweet flowers? None; but then they must not be gay on a Sunday. Oh, I see: all scarlet flowers should remain closed; nay, nothing should bloom or blossom but the snowdrop and lily and black tulip on that sacred day. Bah! Well, if you won't let 'em have light, gay music, away with the bands, and up with a ten-thousand-pipe organ in every park and public garden throughout the three kingdoms, and let the clergyman give out the hymns for the day, and the parish clerk turn the bellows; only I don't believe it will much improve the minds of the many who really are hungry for improvement. If we will but try to improve them, surely we might try to amuse 'em. Talking of hungry! one can't get an ice, cake, or glass of water in the park. No, of course you can't. You don't go to the park to eat, and have no right to be hungry there. Well, at any rate, I can get a bun, can't I? Yes, a bun, as stale as the raisins and figs from Philæ, in the British Museum, 2,500 years old—buns fit for hardy animals in the Zoo, though I much doubt if such a hardy-toothed animal can be found there who could masticate such "carton-pierres" as are called penny buns, and vended in the parks as refreshment. Again: why have we not a pretty ornamental *châlet* attached to every park—a veritable *Petite Café*—where ices, made with *real* cream, and *bonâ-fide* Mocha, and genuine Bohea, could be sold, with no view to inebriation or profit, but simply for the convenience, comfort, and sociability of the frequenters of these gardens of the nation. No, no! one must not hope for such civilisation yet awhile. One sense is quite enough to have gratified at a time; and so go to the park and see all the world pass by, and then mark, learn, the truth of what I have told you; but, above all, don't try a bun, or if you do you won't digest it.

The Man in the Stalls.

WHEN "glorious John" brought out his translation of Racine's "Andromaque," under the title of *The Distrest Mother*, Will Honeycomb of the *Spectator* recommended the actors and actresses to pay great attention to their dresses; for the audiences of the time (1711) loved "busy" pieces. Grandiloquent poetry was all very well in its way, but it would not carry a piece through; while miserable productions were successful if there was plenty of *frou-frou* in the silks of the women. This hint seems to have been treasured by Mrs. John Wood. "Cuss the dilog!" exclaimed the immortal Ducrow; "come to the 'osses." "A fig for the plot and the acting so long as you have plenty of rustle," was the sentiment of the charming manageress of the St. James's, when, in a moment of weakness, she accepted Mr. Webster junior's bald and feeble version of an objectionable French piece, that she might steal a march on the manager of the Olympic. *Frou-Frou* at the St. James's is a mistake, however, in spite of "Cato's flowing wig and lacquered chair." The Beatrice is a nice lady-like sort of person, but the frigidity of her style is not even acceptable in warm tragedy weather. In the heroine of *Frou-Frou*, merry Thalia levies contribution on the actress. Mademoiselle Beatrice met the demand upon her

talent by drawing on Melpomene. The massive gold would have been acceptable at the close of the piece if there had been a pleasant shower of glittering silver all through the earlier scenes. As it was, the audience rejected the drama—wonderful as it is on the French stage—though a pretty woman in the popular hair of the period assured me on her veracity the dresses were superb. She couldn't see what more the public wanted. Even the icy, stilted Barton Hill, who always speaks as if he had a tobacco quid in his mouth, was agreeable to her. To be sure, he has good legs, and what else would people have in these days?

"Good leg, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of our souls.
Who steals my voice, steals trash;
'Tis something—nothing. 'Twas mine,
'Tis his—&c. * * *
But he who filches from me calves and ancles,
Robs me of that—"

—Well, the parody need not be pursued.

Frou-Frou at the Olympic is a poor exchange for *Little Em'ly*. We cannot afford to lose Micawber so soon—nor the Peggottys, nor the very 'umble youth with the long fingers. Mr. Halliday translates and adapts a shade better than Webster *fils;* but, like the latter, he ought to have been supplied with a more suitable heroine. Miss Mordaunt is as gloomy a rustler as Madlle. Beatrice. By a strange coincidence the *ingénues* at both theatres play down the *prémieres* all to nothing. How intensely Beatrice must love *piquante* Henrade! With what affluence of affection Plessy Mordaunt must have embraced Mattie Reinhardt when she read the notices in the daily papers! Backed as probably good seconds in the race, Henrade and Reinhardt reached the post as firsts on the two courses by many lengths! The motion to restrain the performance of *Frou-Frou* at the Olympic has been postponed till next Wednesday, that the Brighton manager may be equally curbed. Is it worth anybody's expense? The piece cannot live on English ground.

Apropos of a Plessy, we have got back, after—dare we say how many years?—*the* charming Plessy of the French stage. She won our hearts, before the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, by her exquisite repose and tranquil grace; and here we are again (excuse the plagiarism, Boleno, dear!) *vis-à-vis* at the Princess's. I am glad she did not recognise me as I sat in the stalls, wondering by what subtle contrivances women baffle the malignant efforts of Time. It might have perturbed her. We men only seem to know how not to do it. What a treat is Plessy's Elmire! It is the perfection of the *haute comédie* in which the French excel. We could forgive the unhappy victim of a vow of celibacy all the poor arts by which he endeavours to shake the chastity of Orgon's wife, when that wife is played by Plessy: Ah, Tartuffe—"*le pauvre homme*"—why did you not obtain a dispensation from Rome before you began to admire the *mollesse* of the *etoffe* which covered the symmetrical form of your patron's spouse? Seriously, Molière's wonderful, perennial comedy is a great relief after all the rubbish we have been obliged to endure for months past. The Dorine of to-day will not do after Mademoiselle Mars; but Deshayes, as Tartuffe, is simply admirable. The oily hypocrisy of the crafty priest was a complete contrast with the fierce triumph at the end—"C'est a vous d'en sortier—vous. Qui parley en maître. La maison m'appartient," &c. M. Felix and his company are right welcome. Not the less so that the evergreen Lafont is one of its members; and Regnier is coming.

Hic et ubique! I am at the new Vaudeville in the Strand. It is pretty, commodious, and novel in structure. I am not sure, however, that it is not one too many. Take the office of the *Man about Town* as a centre (it *is* the centre of the universe—*cela va son dire*)—and with a radius of a very few hundred yards describe a semicircle with Temple Bar at the eastern and Charing Cross at the western boundary, and you will take in no fewer than *ten* theatres. Granting the increase of population, and the passion for burlesque, and all that sort of thing, you will be compelled to admit that this is too many by half. I must defer my notice of the performances of the Vaudeville until next week, for I am off to see Farren and Toole at the Gaiety. In the meanwhile, I cannot help dropping a tear over the circumstances which rob the Strand of D. Jones—and Thorne, and Miss Wilton of Montague, to enrich the Vaudeville.

At last Mr. Hollingshead has a good operatic extravaganza. The *Princesse de Trebizonde* is well known to all the frequenters of the Paris bouffes, but it needed the *savoir faire* of Mr. Kenney (mine ancient collaborateur in burlesque some six-and-twenty years ago—he was handsome Charley then—*ebeu fugaces!*) to turn the operetta into English. We offer him our compliments, and, in the name of a buffo-music-loving people, our hearty thanks.

Toole is never more at home than when he is playing the showman. When we first saw him acting Scaramuccio to heavy Dillon's Belphegor at the Lyceum, years agone, it occurred to us that Toole had just escaped from a booth at a fair. He rollicked and revelled in the Jack-Pudding. No chawbacon could have resisted his summons to "walk up," as they were "just a-going to begin." Well, his wonted fires live in the ashes of his old part. Cheap Jack, in *Dick's Darling*, was right good; but the showman, Cabriolo, in the *Princess of Trebizonde*, is the climax of that species of excellence. Shades of Richardson, Scowton, and Gingell, how you must glory in Toole, if you do re-visit the glimpses of the moon and turn into the Gaiety! And, then, to think how he is supported! Sprightly Farren is the very incarnation of mirth and jollity. A more vivacious and intelligent *artiste* the English stage does not possess. Dance and song, aiding dialogue distinguished by a dainty *espiéglerie*, make him irresistible. I recommend all true admirers of histrionic power to invest five shillings in a visit to the Gaiety.

There are certain *bonnes bouches* which even the most ubiquitous of critics hold in reserve. Hervé's *Little Faust* is one of these. *Behind the Curtain*, at the Holborn, is another. Most sapid of all, which I propose to devour to-night in the interest of our valued friend, Ben Webster, is *The Prompter's Box* at the Adelphi, Benefits are rare occurrences now-a-days. There must be a special claim to public gratitude; and who has so fairly established such a claim as the veteran who, for nearly forty years, has borne the responsibilities of management, and borne them bravely, too? Let him have a bumper, by all means.

Have I been to either of the houses where opera is played? Of course I have. How could I take my hebdomadal three courses and a dessert at my dear Marchioness's, without being prepared with the *au courant* of the lyrical drama? That we have nothing new from Gounod or Verdi to talk about, I do not care, as long as we have such interpreters of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Meyerbeer as the delicious little Sessi, Ilma de Murska, the grand Theresa Titiens, with their male coadjutors Gassier and Gardoni, Santley, Gunz, and Vachtel. I never tire of *Il Barbière;* I could hear some of the melodies in *Rigoletto* for a week of Thursdays; I dream of *Norma*—but stop—Mario comes back next week, and then I shall believe the opera season has begun in right earnest. To enjoy the present without forgetting the brilliant past is a fair compromise with the barren future. If I am bereft of hope, since Mario retires, no one can rob me of the delicious experience of the days when, in his prime, he sang with Grisi, Lablache, and Tamburini. It really is very nice to be old and to feel young!

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

HOWEVER poor the sport generally has been at Newmarket, it has not, at least, been wanting in surprises of a nature to revolutionise the betting on all the three coming events, and singularly complicate the calculations of those who are trying to sift the three-year-old form. The racing has served at least one good effect, in sweeping away a lot of the rubbish which encumbered the Derby and the Two Thousand market, such as Barford, Goldsborough, and Kennington, and has, in all equine probability, entirely destroyed the frail foundations on which the partisans of Astolfo, Captivator, and Alexander had built their hopes. The field for both the Newmarket and Epsom races seems to be gradually fining down, especially for the former, in which Prince of Wales will verify my prediction of Saturday last, and my choice of him as an useful outsider for the Blue Riband. I am fain to allow that the racing on Monday and Tuesday was even more dreary than is usually the case at the Craven Meeting *et c'est beaucoup dire.*

The principal event on Monday was the Bretby Plate, for which only eleven came to the post, of whom Bosworth was a great favourite, at 2 to 1. Thor, Miss Dayrell, and Amaranth colt had also plenty of friends, but the winner, Rossignol, was almost disregarded. He won, however, from the Amaranth colt somewhat cleverly, and the latter reversed his position in the Spencer Plate with Bosworth (whom he was meeting on the same terms), for whose inglorious defeat the only excuse I can allege is, that the extra furlong was not to his mind. Miss Dayrell seemed jaded and worn with her previous exertions this year, and Verdure, the Baron's filly, will do better further on in the season. For the Craven Stakes only Perry Down and Robespierre (a post entry) opposed Rosicrucian, whose task was of the easiest, as that "'oss of Jenning's" was by no means fit, and Robespierre is not in form. Paté's defeat of Idus detracts rather from his value as a trial horse for the Bedford House three-year-olds; for, though always a fair performer, Paté has no claim to be considered in the first class. King o' Scots need be more than 10lb Idus's superior (his reputed trial) to have a chance even for the easy Two Thousand. The other items were of the plate, plating.

Tuesday's sport was even more contemptible than that of Monday, as of the seven races on the card one did not fill, two were walked over for, two more ended in matches, and the remaining two brought out fields of six and nine, or a total of twenty-one starters for seven races. Newsman stayed better than Green Riband, and beat him easily at the finish, and Mahonia landed the 7 to 1 betted on her against the miserable Silver Band. The Biennial, which was in reality the best race on the card, produced nine runners, of whom Astolfo and Alexander alone were backed for heavy metal; the prices offered against Pandore, Perambulator, Golden Horn, Brother to King Alfred, and the Fistiana colt, being rarely accepted. It is now an old story how Astolfo failed to stay the Rowley Mile, and, simultaneously with Pandore and Golden Horn, was beaten in the dip, leaving the result to Alexander and Mr. Savile's nameless one, the former of whom just got up at the finish in time enough to make a dead heat of it. My impression is, that Alexander is a moderate one, and the Fistiana colt also, and that neither of them, nor any of the other runners, have the remotest chance of running forward in either of the big races. The *Pall Mall Gazette* hit the nail on the head when it said that the nine combatants in this race were to the winner of the Two Thousand or Derby as nine tailors to one man. I do not like the look of Alexander's forelegs; and with Astolfo, after all the fuss that has been made about him, I was much disappointed, as he is a leggy-looking brute, very narrow behind, who will perhaps distinguish himself over the T.Y.C., but never get a mile in decent company. The Fistiana colt will, in my opinion, turn out the best of the lot over a distance of ground; but he will find his superiors in many a field.

On Wednesday, the fields were rather more respectable in point of numbers, though the quality left a good deal to be desired. The best race of the day, and indeed of the meeting, was that between the Amaranth colt and Suffolk, with 8st 12lbs and 9st 2lbs respectively, over the T.Y.C. After a splendid finish, Fordham just landed the Baron's colours by a head. The Amaranth colt has been singularly unfortunate this year, getting second for the Spencer Plate, Bretby Plate, and on this occasion. His form, too, is so fully exposed, that he can never get well into a handicap. In the opening event Demidoff, tried a long way inferior to his stable-companion, Prince of Wales, upset an awful pot on Kennington, and began what was a terrible day for backers. In the Column Stakes the moderate

Rhoderick Dhu beat Pibroch and Carfax with ease, while Goldsborough, who had been talked about for the Derby, showed that he was even worse than his stable-companion, Nobleman. Wave upset the odds of 7 to 4 which were most unaccountably laid on her solitary opponent, Squib, who was always very bad; while Wave, in addition to her fine breeding, had won two races at Liverpool last autumn. The Newmarket Handicap was set the last race on the card, and I have not yet recovered from its effects. To borrow the expression of the French correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, *we* all laid 6 to 4 on Sabinus. It is true there were some extra-careful people who, to make matters safe, took outside prices about Barford, Chérie, or Nélusko, as the fancy took them; but Miss Sheppard was not even talked about. When at the turn of the lands the favourite was seen to be in trouble, I became senseless for a few moments, but on recovering I was told that Miss Sheppard beat Count Lagrange's horse easily at the finish, and that Chérie was third, with Sabinus a head in her rear. I am utterly unable to explain or excuse Sabinus's defeat, as he appeared very fit and well; and though he met Miss Sheppard on 14lbs worse terms than in the City and Suburban, and Chérie on 9lbs worse than in the Metropolitan, yet he certainly gave each of those mares more than that beating in their respective races. An indirect proof of this is, that Barford met him on 17lbs better terms than at Epsom, and yet Sabinus beats him again. The glorious uncertainty is all I can advance. Sabinus apart, the form was likely enough to be correct, Nélusko, 8st 6lbs, Chérie, 7st 6lbs, and Miss Sheppard, 5st 13lbs, looking like a good handicap. Miss Sheppard, who had, like Sabinus, but 5st 7lbs in the original handicap of the Chester Cup, has now, like him, a 10lbs penalty, which brings her weight to 6st 7lbs, so that she virtually concedes Sabinus a stone for beating him to-day. Chérie meets Sabinus on 2lbs better terms at Chester than on Wednesday, yet, although she beat him fairly enough then, he is at less than half her price for the Cup. Why this singular anomaly? Surely, too, if Sabinus is still worth backing at 5 to 1, it cannot be 20 to 1 against Miss Sheppard, nor 16 to 1 against Chérie, yet such is the state of the market. Again, to show the perversity of opinion, Fistiana colt and Alexander ran a dead-heat, and afterwards divided the stake, yet the latter is a much better favourite now than the other for the Guineas, although there was no attempt to make an excuse for Alexander by saying that he was shut out, &c.; and, stranger still, Astolfo, whom the pair had beaten out of sight, is now as good a favourite as either.

Thursday's sport almost entirely collapsed when it was discovered that See-saw would not oppose Blue Gown (of whom we have, probably, seen the last in this country), and that Pero Gomez was so far amiss that Sir Joseph Hawley would not let him meet the redoubtable Midsummer. The latter made a terrible example of his two opponents in the Biennial—Boulogne and Bertha—of whom the French horse had returned only the previous day from a successful pilgrimage to Longchamps, where, in the Prix du Cadran, he had walked away from Cerdagne, whose performance in the Cambridgeshire and at Baden last autumn made her out a mare of no common merit. The Baron's horse literally walked in thirty lengths ahead; and I should be much inclined to doubt if there is a four-year-old in training who can give him an ounce. Were he and Siderolite to meet once more, on the old terms, I should range myself on the side of the blue and yellow. Minaret walked over for the Claret Stakes, and Pero Gomez saved stake; and Goldsborough proved himself to be even worse than I deemed him to be on Tuesday, by letting such a thing as the Cerintha filly gallop away from him. Falkland won the Aske Produce Stakes, as he could not fail to do when Thorwater was his only opponent; and Nobleman upset the odds of 3 to 1 laid on Perambulator for 100 Sovs Sweepstakes, over the easy Ditch Mile. As he beat Perambulator far easier than did the dead-heaters in Tuesday's Biennial, we have further proof of the rottenness of the field on that occasion; and it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more of any of them in connection with the future.

I left Newmarket on Thursday evening, and can, therefore, say nothing as to Friday's sport, which will have been, I imagine, on a par with that of the other days. The only remarkable changes in the Two Thousand betting have been the advance of Macgregor and Prince of Wales (on whom my readers, I hope, plunged at good odds), and the retirement of Astolfo, Alexander, and Normanby. Hawthornden will yet make a stir in the market, if not in the race itself; and Kingcraft seems likely to pass some *mauvais quarts d'heure*. For the Derby the changes have been less important. Camel is coming back to his old price, and Sunshine remains firm in the quotations, although Macgregor is backed for a lot of money by people who ought to know all about him.

Next week's sport, though plentiful in quantity, is sadly lacking in quality, and I cannot muster sufficient courage to exercise the prophetic art on such meetings as Guildford and Croydon, although I have heard that Holman's stable will carry off the principal steeplechase at the latter meeting.

On Saturday next the winner of the Two Thousand without fail.

FORECAST.

In the Arena.

THE Amateur Championship Meeting, which took place on the 9th instant, ought to have received notice at our hands last week, but the wet, miserable afternoon spent on that day, at Lillie Bridge, was not, during Passion week, effaced from our memory.

The Boxing Championships were of a very moderate class, except in the heavy weights, when Mr. H. J. Chinnery vanquished Mr. Stevenson, of the 42nd Highlanders, easily at the finish, simply through his condition and slightly better knowledge of the "noble art;" but had the loser been in a less beefy state, his superior weight and strength must have overcome the better science of his adversary. The middle weights were won by Mr. E. B. Michell, who has hitherto been better known as a sculler than boxer. Mr. Churton, for the second time within a few years, carried off the light weights.

The preliminary heats of the 100 Yards were won by Messrs. Matthews, Collett, Eames, and Philpot; but on the second ties the two former were knocked out, and the result was left to Messrs. Baker, Colbeck, Eames, and Philpot, of whom Mr. Baker proved the best of a bad lot. There were two who ran, who, three years ago, would have given Mr. Baker four yards in a hundred, and a beating in addition; indeed, with the exception of Mr. Wilson, there is no good sprinter in the South worthy of the name, as may be judged when handicap men like Butcher, Eames, Matthews, Baker, &c., consider themselves equal to champions. What would Prest, Ridley, Colmore, Vidal, &c., do with these men?

The Quarter-of-a-Mile, Mr. Upcher carried off from Mr. E. J. Colbeck, who has completely lost his form; but, nevertheless, he was beaten by a really good man in the Cantab.

The Half and Quarter Mile races were won respectively by the best men, viz., Messrs. Somers-Smith and Benson, both of Oxford, and winners at the late Inter-University sports.

The Seven Miles Walking was won by last year's champion, Mr. T. Griffith, in 55 minutes 32 seconds, with Mr. Munn second, who performed the task in 55 minutes 54 seconds: both most splendid performances, as they were fairly walked and there was a total absence of "mixing," which . been so conspicuous of late years, notably i 868, when Mr. Rye defeated Mr. Griffiths, through the aid of some questionable performances at the corners; indeed, unless that gentleman had been secretary to one of the leading clubs, his walking must have been tabooed as a burlesque on that sport.

Mr. Mitchell, of Rossendale, obtained first honours in the Weight Putting, Pole Jumping, and both High and Broad Jumps.

Mr. Leeke again won the Hammer Throwing.

Mr. Riches won the Four Miles Race, after one of the most splendidly judged races it was ever our lot to witness.

The first day of the Richmond Meeting will take place this afternoon, when sport of more than an average character will be witnessed. The Open Hundred Yards includes the cracks of the present and past days, and the winner will be Mr. Eames or Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Collett will again beat Mr. Baker, who won the championship. The 120 Yards Handicap has a large entry, the pick of whom are Messrs. J. W. Sarl, Casares, and Mare, in the order named. The Three Miles Race will be won by that excessively pretty runner, Mr. Fuller, with 50 seconds start, or Mr. Fry, who has 70 seconds from the scratch man, Mr. Riches. The Hurdle Race (level) will be won by Mr. Toller. The Half Mile, Mr. Pollock, if only half as good as reported, should have no difficulty in winning from scratch. The Steeple Chase and Jumps we can offer no opinion on. We cannot this year congratulate the Committee in their selection of a handicapper; for some most glaring mistakes in opposition to public form have been perpetrated, as any one may see on perusing the handicaps—indeed, favouritism and spleen appear to reign predominant; perhaps the result may show a close finish, but is no criterion of handicapping, when more than half the field are never in the race and the others are struggling for the prize. It was, as we predicted at the time, a severe blow to athletics when Mr. W. M. Chinnery resigned the secretaryship of the London Athletic Club.

John Roberts, junior, completely avenged his father's defeat, by the decisive victory he obtained last week over Cook, whose play on this occasion bears out what we stated some weeks since, that put him in position behind the spot and he can score away; but on the new table, where he cannot play *skittles*, but must try billiards, he was bound to find his conqueror, in addition to which his temper is none of the best when collared.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The rival chiefs unstring their bows,
And foemen, tired of verbal blows,
Of frantic Ayes and clamourous Noes,
Now gladly seek a brief repose.

1.

To barber's shop I often run,
To Truefitt, Southcombe, Marsh, or Gunn,
Nor their attentions dread;
Yet one "artiste" there is, whose hands,
Save at necessity's commands,
Shall ne'er approach my head.

2.

The Christian creed is this—that while we live
We *must* receive it, but should never give.

3.

No question here of Christian creed,
Or superstition's thrall;
His simple faith is—there 's no need
For any faith at all.

4.

He'll stay beside, yet drink not from your cup;
Give him no dinner—he'll not ask to sup.
Expansive friend, yet easily shut up.

5.

Monstrous deformity; and, if you've got it,
The world at large can hardly fail to spot it.

6.

To fight or kiss,
Never be this,
Or shame
To your name
Shall attach, I wis.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

H ai R
A dventur E
W ai F
L ass O
E nginee R
Y a M

Correct solutions received from Bessie; S.; Nemo; Wild Oats; Mr. Wemmick; O.; Cherry and Black; Princess; Reformer.

NOMENCLATURE.

The following names have *not* been given:—

f. by The Lawyer—Tinkle ..... *Sally Brass.*
c. by Ely—Theodora ..... *Theodoridi.*
c. by Citadel—Fantasia ..... *Siege of Corinth.*
c. by Man-at-Arms—Maid Servant ..... *Man Servant.*
c. by Father Thames— Oyster Girl ..... *The Dredger.*
c. by Light—Battaglia ..... *Light Dragoon.*
f. by The Nabob—Partlet ..... *Brahma Pootra.*
c. by Man-at-Arms—Leda ..... *Swanshot.*
f. by Light—Surprise ..... *Flash.*
c. by Skirmisher—Fistiana ..... *Outfighter.*

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), April 23rd, will be performed (first time this season), Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA. Violetta, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character in England); Flora Bervois, Mdlle. Locatelli; Annina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Georgio Germont, Signor Graziani; Baron Duphol, Signor Tagliafico; Gastone, Signor Marino; Marchese d'Obigny, Signor Cassaboni; Dettore Grenvil, Signor Capponi; Guiseppe, Signor Rossi; and Alfredo, Signor Naudin. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

Extra Night.—On Monday next, April 25th, Rossini's Grand Opera, GUGLIELMO TELL. Arnoldo, Herr Wachtel; Guglielmo Tell, Signor Graziani; Un Pescatore, Signor Laroccа; Walter, Signor Ragpiolo; Gessler, Signor Tagliafico; Jemmy, Mdlle. Locatelli; Eduige, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Mathilde, Madame Vanzini.

On Tuesday next, April 26th (first time this season), Verdi's Opera, UN BALLO IN MASCHERA. Il Duca, Signor Mario (his first appearance these two years); Renato, Signor Graziani; Armando, Signor Tagliafico; Angri, Signor Capponi; Oscar, Madame Vanzini; Ulrica, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Amelia, Mdlle. Titiens.

Subscription Night, in lieu of Tuesday, August 2nd.

On Thursday next, April 28th, Donizetti's Opera, DON PASQUALE. Norina, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character in England); and Ernesto, Signor Mario (his second appearance these two years). After which the two principal acts of Auber's popular Opera, Masaniello, including the celebrated Market Scene.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight

The Box-office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), April 23rd, IL FLAUTO MAGICO. Signor Gardoni, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli; Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mme. Monbelli, Mme. Sinico, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

Next Week.

MONDAY NEXT, April 25th, Gounod's Opera, FAUST.
TUESDAY NEXT, April 26th, Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO.
THURSDAY NEXT, April 28th, Mozart's Opera, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Great Novelty and Attraction.—Last Nights of the Winter Season. Twenty-seventh Night of a new and original Domestic Drama in Four Acts, by Henry J. Byron, Esq., with new scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven and assistants, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Principal characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Henry J. Byron, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING, at 7.0, TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING; Messrs. Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, and Misses Maria and Nelly Harris. After which (256th time), THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Mr. Benjamin Webster; Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, J. G. Taylor, R. Phillips, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with MY PRECIOUS BETSY; Messrs. J. G. Taylor, C. J. Smith, and Miss Eliza Johnstone. TO-NIGHT (Saturday), Mr. Benjamin Webster's Benefit and last night of the winter season. A variety of entertainments. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER'S BENEFIT and LAST NIGHT of the WINTER SEASON, TO-NIGHT (Saturday), April 23.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX, by Henry J. Byron. A great success. Commences at a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Mr. Frank Bristowe, Mr. Benjamin Webster. At a quarter to eight.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Fitzaltamont, Mr. Henry J. Byron. At a quarter to eight.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Florence Bristowe, Miss Furtado. At a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Miss Emily Mountcashel, Mrs. Alfred Mellon. At a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. R. Phillips, Mr. C. H. Stephenson, Mr. Ashley, Mr. C. J. Smith, Miss Lavis, &c. At a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX. Places can be booked a fortnight in advance, without fees. Commencing at a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—TO-NIGHT.

OFFENBACH'S latest and most popular Three-Act Opéra Bouffe, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZOND. Sixth time in England. Exclusive right of performance.

GAIETY.—OFFENBACH'S.

GAIETY.—PRINCESS OF TREBIZOND.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, Miss Hughes, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Soutar, Mr. Perrini, and increased Opera Company.

GAIETY.—Mr. ALFRED WIGAN in A LUCKY FRIDAY

GAIETY.—Places can be booked at once. No fees. Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five. OPERETTA at 7. LUCKY FRIDAY at 8. PRINCESS OF TREBIZOND at 9.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston. Stage Directress, Mrs. W. H. Liston.—FROU-FROU THIS EVENING. Seventh appearance of Miss Plessy Mordaunt as Frou-Frou.

OLYMPIC.—Miss PLESSY MORDAUNT will make her seventh appearance in London THIS EVENING as FROU-FROU. Charles Warner, John Nelson.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THIS EVENING.—The only version of FROU-FROU authorised. By Messieurs. Meilhac and Halevy. Freely translated by Sutherland Edwards.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, THIS EVENING.

OLYMPIC.—Miss MATTIE REINHARDT, Miss Maria Elsworthy, Miss Eerle, and Miss Nellie Joy, in FROU-FROU, THIS EVENING. H. Vaughan, David Fisher.

OLYMPIC.—FROU-FROU.—The Original Piece THIS EVENING at eight o'clock. New scenery by Mr. Johnson. Splendid dresses by Madame Thome and Miss Ansell. Music by Mr. Winterbottom. The piece produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC.—FROU-FROU THIS EVENING.—Mr. G. Belmore in MY TURN NEXT and the 'VARSITY BOAT RACE.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—BEHIND THE CURTAIN. Star and Garter (Calcott), Theatre on Fire (Hicks), Garden-court, Temple (Telbin). New magnificent scenery, dresses, and appointments. Box-office open from eleven to five.

HOLBORN THEATRE REOPEN, under the Management of Mr. C. T. Burleigh, with an entirely new and original Sensational Drama, in four acts, by G. Roberts, entitled BEHIND THE CURTAIN. Messrs. Cowper, Billington, Atkins, M'Intyre, A. Wood, H. J. Haynes, Wallace, Rignold, Tapping, Vincent, Brunton, and F. Villiers; Mesdames Juliet Desborough (her fifth appearance at this theatre), Behrend, Merton, Manders, Marlboro, De Vere, and Wingfield (fifth appearance in London). Preceded by THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS. Concluding with THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

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GLOBE.—At 7.30, MILKY WHITE. Mr. H. T. Craven in his original character.

GLOBE.—At Nine, ROBERT MACAIRE; or, the Roadside Inn Turned Inside Out, written by Henry J. Byron.

GLOBE.—THIS EVENING, the New Burlesque of ROBERT MACAIRE, with the following powerful cast:—Messrs. J. Clarke, E. V. Sinclair, P. Day, G. Yarnold, and Barker; Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Kate Newton, Wilson, Sydney, and Miss Fanny Josephs. Music by G Richardson. To conclude with the farce by A. C. Troughton, Esq., entitled VANDYKE BROWN. Mr J. Clarke. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30. No fees for booking.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, Holborn.—A GRAND COMIC FESTIVAL and VARIETY of ENTERTAINMENTS on MONDAY, April 25, when all the principal artistes of the day will appear. Tickets to be had at the libraries. Box-office open ten till five.

ASTLEY'S.—PEEP O' DAY.—THIS EVENING, the great Irish romantic drama, "Peep o' Day."

ASTLEY'S. — PEEP O' DAY. — THIS EVENING, the Drury-lane Company in "Peep o' Day."

ASTLEY'S.—PEEP O' DAY.—The Pattern Fair, Irish Jigs, Faction Fight. Two hundred artistes from Drury-lane.

ASTLEY'S.—PEEP O' DAY.—This romantic drama, produced under the direction of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, of Drury-lane Theatre.

FRENCH PLAYS. — PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — THIS EVENING, April 23, the BENEFIT and last appearance of Madame PLESSY, who will perform in three pieces. The entertainments will commence with Molière's comedy, TARTUFFE. After which Alfred de Musset's Proverbe, IL FAUT QU'UNE PORTE SOIT OUVERTE OU FERMEE. To conclude with Emile Augier's petite comédie, LE POST SCRIPTUM, in both of which M. Lafont and Madame Plessy will appear. The performance on this occasion will commence at eight o'clock.

FRENCH PLAYS. — MADAME PLESSY has the honour to announce her BENEFIT and last appearance will take place THIS EVENING, Saturday, April 23, when will be presented for the last time Molière's comedy, TARTUFFE. To be followed by De Musset's comedy of IL FAUT QU'UNE PORTE SOIT OUVERTE OU FERMEE. To conclude with E. Augier's comedy, in one act, LE POST SCRIPTUM. M. Lafont will perform with Madame Plessy in the two latter comedies. To commence at eight o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; boxes at 2, 3, and 4 guineas, at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

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